

RELIGION

THE

Only Happiness.

A

P O E M.

In a Letter to a Friend.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus, qui res hominum, & Deorum,
Qui mare, & terras, variisque, mundum
Temperat, Horis? — Horace*

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L O N D O N,

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P. O. E. M.

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The PREFACE.

THIS Poem, when it was written first, was far from being design'd for the Press; and only sent me by my Friend as a Private Letter.

But on the perusal of it, I found somewhat in it that affected me extremely; which made me (thinking it might be beneficial to the Public) perswade him to let me have it Printed.

This I say, only to free the Author from the imputation of Vanity, which perhaps some would be too apt to lay on him, had he publisht it himself, at a time, when we have many Good Poets, and most men are (or at least think themselves) tolerable Judges.

It may be easily objected against such a Poem in general, that it is of no use; seeing there has been, already, so many Excellent Treatises in Prose, upon the same Subject.

But

But the Answer is as obvious, for there are many, who have not the Patience to read them over, yet nevertheless will be drawn to a thing of this Nature, under the Notion of Diverting themselves.

But I needed not to say this in its Defence, having before me so Excellent an Example set by the Ingenious Authour of a late Poem, Entitled, An Anatomy of Atheisme.

As to this Essay in particular (if I may be allow'd to give my Thoughts of it) I take it to be as Poetical as the Subject will bear; and much more Solid than the Poetry of our Age (the more's the Pity) is generally found to be; and I am very much deceiv'd, if the Reader doth not find in it, the two main Ends of Poetry, Diversion, and Information.

I shall say no more to its Advantage, but submit it to the Public, wishing, that every one who reads it, may find as much Benefit by it as I did for my own particular.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IN the Press, and will be speedily Published a Book Entituled *Conversation in Heaven*, Part 2^d. being Sacramental Devotions, consisting of Meditations, and Prayers, Preparatory to a Worthy Receiving of the Holy Communion; as also Meditations and Prayers suited to the several Parts both of Administring and Receiving it. By *Lawrence Smith, LL.D.* Author of the First Part. Printed for *Thomas Speed.*

RELIGION

THE
Only Happiness.

In a Letter to a Friend.

Enough my Friend, of Love and all its Cares,
False wandring hopes, and true perplexing fears.
I'll leave the Barren Soil, and try to gain
A happier Isle, far distant in the main :

In which alone, though Storms around it beat,
My wearied Soul can find a safe retreat.

She's quite fatigu'd by her rough treatment here,
And by your help a fairer course wou'd steer.

Religion now be her ambitious Aim,
A worthy Object of her growing Flame,
And which alone deserves the Love, I paid
To a mistaken Goddess I my self had made.

Tell me, by what strange power I was deceiv'd?
How the false Story was by me believ'd?

That Happyness cou'd flow from Earthly Love,
And those weak Flames not kindled from above.

Which when they shou'd beyond the Clouds aspire,
And in our Souls produce a Sacred Fire,

Grow flat and languid with a meaner Joy,

In Childish Trifles Noble Souls employ,

Which ne'r can Satisfie, and often Cloy.

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Yet this I'll grant, no Crimes our Passions are,
 While bounded in our Souls by a due Care;
 And 'tis, at least a part of Happyness,
 When bounteous Heav'n our just desires doth blest.
 But when th' Impetuous Torrent, bears away
 Our Anxious Souls into the Stormy Sea,
 And no fair Banks can tempt us to the Coast,
 But that one point from whence our Bark is tost;
 If, whilst just Heav'ns but one request deny,
 We crossly slight what ever else w' enjoy:
 Then sure 'tis Sin, and we're ingrateful Fools,
 Base to our God, and false to our own Souls.

Religion shews a happier path (if we
 Not vainly slight our own Felicity)
 Than all the false Delights of Sin produce,
 Those treach'rous pleasures which so oft abuse
 Our easie Sences, and thus steal their way
 Thro' those false Guards which our weak Souls betray.

They never dare attack the Nobler part
 With open Force, but slyly gain the Heart.
 For soon before our unbrib'd Reason, all
 Their baffled Arguments with ease wou'd fall.
 Reason wou'd teach us, 'tis not Happiness,
 To have a short-liv'd and uncertain Bliss :
 A Joy so mean, without Variety
 It wont so much as bare Diversion be.
 And oh how short are all the Joys of Vice,
 For which we pay such a Prodigious Price ?
 Our Souls Eternal Torments must endure,
 For those false Pleasures which our Sins procure.
 In a few hours the Gay Delusion's fled,
 By which poor Man is to Destruction led.
 Had we the brittle Thread of Destiny
 In our own hands, and cou'd prolong our Day,
 To reach the Space which our Fore-Fathers knew,
 Ere Luxury, and thence Diseases, grew :

Nay cou'd we spin it out to make it stretch
 To the last Limits Time it self shall reach :
 Come to its end it there must cease to be,
 Quite swallowed up in an Eternity.
 And what proportion has one grain of Sand,
 To the unnumber'd Myriads on the Strand ?
 Times longest Date will not so much appear,
 If with Eternity you it compare.
 For Finites ne'r so much increas't, will be
 But Finites still, and not Eternity.
 But how far short of this must we descend,
 If we to th' common rate of Life attend ?
 Yet there has no Millennian State been tri'd,
 'Tis rare one does a Century abide.
 How few, to what we call Old Age, arrive ?
 How small a part of scanty time They live ?
 Ask one, whose Crutches keep him from the Grave,
 If yet enough of Toilsome Life he have ?

If he'd resign th' Expiring Snuff unforc'd ?
 Consent his parting Soul shou'd be Divorc'd ?
 Not yet, he cries, he hopes a while to live,
 That he may now his Mispent Time retrieve.
 He has not done his Work, and feign wou'd stay ;
 In all his Pray'rs he adds another Day.
 That Life is short which none can fatisfie ;
 And none (we find) are willing yet to die.
 (For that Poor Wretch who hasts Untimely Death,
 And who unaskt throws back his hated Breath :
 'Tis not that length of Life's a Burthen Grown ;
 Some mean Despair does urge him to be gone.
 He falsly say's he's weary of his Life,
 He'l not quit that , if you'l remove his Grief.)
 And hence, my Friend, the Sinner must deduce
 Not a small part, unfit for his abuse.
 Childhood and Age he must of force resign,
 In one he knows not, t' other cannot sin.

Childhood a Thousand soft Amusements has,
 Diverting Pleasures, Recreating Plays.
 With harmless Converse they their time beguile,
 Their Art's a moving Tear, and pleasing Smile;
 With these Endearments they their wishes gain;
 Whose Art is Innocence, need never sin.
 Soft are their Souls, and fitted to receive
 Any Impressions their Wise Tutors give.
 Here they're prepar'd for Vertue or for Vice,
 Which Rules can first their tender Souls possess.
 But till their Judgments with their Years are grown,
 And Good from Evil be distinctly known,
 They scarce are Subjects of a Law, which they
 Not know, or knowing, hardly cou'd obey.
 Old Men have different Reasons to prevent
 Their sinning on, or sinning, their Content.
 Disease, and Pains, in various Shapes attend,
 Cough rack's the Lungs, a Palfie shakes the Hand.

Salt Watry Rheums do from their Eyes distill,
 And trickling down their Cheeks, the Furrows fill.
 Coldness contracts the Organs of the Ear,
 No longer they delightful Musick hear.
 Their Smell and Taste are lost, their Feeling gone,
 And that they live, by their Complaints is known.
 The Stone and Cholick on their Years attend,
 Memento's of their near approaching End.
 Yet these (preposterous Crime!) when Pleasing Vice
 Forfakes them, hug their Nauseous Avarice,
 And make their Bags the Idol of their Age,
 Worship their Gold, and so go off the Stage.
 Thus Youth and Manhood only, can enjoy
 Those Fatal Pleasures which their Souls destroy.

Youth the Gay Spring of Pleasure and of Wit,
 The Sences lay their Tribute at her Feet.
 Th' Officious Mind too, seeks out other Charms,
 In Conversation, and in Arts, and Arms.

But in our looser times, my friend, we see,
 Though Honour calls, yet from the Field they fly.
 And all their Study, and their boasted Arts,
 Are to betray unpractis'd Virgins Hearts.
 Their Conversation's no less vicious grown;
 Female and Scandal are its chief Renown.
 Pleasure alone they make their Deity,
 Their Rules are *Epicures* Philosophy,
 And their dear Study is Variety.
 In Wine's and Women's Orbs by turns they move,
 They first are Drunk, and then they practice Love.
 Wine the kind Comfort of our Grief and Cares,
 Allays our Sorrow, and dispells our Fears,
 And moderately us'd, it fills our Veins
 With gen'rous Blood, and works to Manly Strains.
 But when abus'd, and taken to excess,
 It urges to the height of wickedness.

Our Reason's lost, and we are hurried on
 To the last limits of Temptation.
 Women, 'tis true, at first were formed fair,
 Gentle, and good (almost) as Angels are ;
 And no mean part of that compleated bliss,
 We mutually enjoy'd in Paradise.
 But soon alas ! she to destroy began,
 " Now ev'ry Woman is an Eve to Man.
 With gaudy Pleasures they our Paths do strow,
 And scatter tempting charms where e're we go.
 And we too freely yeild our selves to Vice,
 When charming Woman the sly Tempter is.

But oh ! how short, and fleeting are the joys,
 In which vain Youth his time and strength employs.
 How few the years ; if on the whole we look !
 How great a part must from these few be took !
 Tis no small part that Nature's self requires ;
 Unless she's serv'd our Pleasure quickly tires.

And what's design'd to give us happiness,
 Too long enjoy'd affords us nothing less.
 The glutted sense is pall'd, and we despise,
 What now we sought with so much eagerness.
 Our Palats Vitiated, we refuse
 The Wine, which we so lately did abuse.
 And loath the Woman was but now enjoy'd,
 The sense is sated, th' appetite is cloyd :
 And we, at least must for a time abstain,
 If only to return to sin again.
 These intervals allow'd, tho' we sin on,
 Till to a riper age and sense we're grown.
 Yet then, quite sated with joys of sense,
 A new degree of sinning we commence.
 Pride and Ambition now our Souls do sway,
 And sense that Rul'd before, learns to obey.
 We grasp at Honour, with a sounding Fame,
 Vain Titles, and a celebrated Name.

In Courts by bribes, and flattery, they raise
 Themselves to Dear bought Honour and Applause.
 Purchasing Grandeur, at the vast expence,
 Of Nobler Honesty, and Innocence.
 If higher Titles do a Blockhead grace,
 They'll cringe and bow before the Solemn Afs.
 Unaskt his Pandars, and his Pimps they'll be,
 Buffoons, or Jesters to his company.
 Nay more, if he'll befriend them to the King
 For a new place, or some fresh Honour bring;
 Their Wive's, or Sisters Modesty, shall be
 O base exchange! their lustful Patrons Fee.
 For that alone by them's accounted Vice,
 Which curbs Ambition, checks their growing Rise.

Cit rolling in a lower Sphere, does move
 As he were influenc'd from those above.
 His Verture, and his Soul, he prostitutes
 For fordid Gain, which ends all his disputes.

And that of all Religions he will chuse,
 Which crams his coffers, leav's his conscience Loose..
 He seeks all methods to be popular,
 Perhaps he gets the Scarlet gown, or Chair;
 But he'll strive hard, and hopes, at least, to gain
 Good-morrow Mr. *Common-Council-Man*.
 If at a shop the Sparks and *Beaux* appear,
 A handsome Wife shall sell her Husbands Ware..
 And these, beside the Ready gain is got,
 Will always for their civil C—old Vote.

But oh ! how vainly these poor Fools mispend
 Their Toilsome days, to gain a Vainer end;
 All that they Purchase at the mighty rate,
 Is but the empty Name of being Great.
 Great Fools indeed ! whose Juster Infamy
 Shall last, when all their other Titles dye.
 And all their Dear bought wealth, and envied Lands,,
 Shall fall into some younger spend-thrift's hands.

Who lavishly shall waste, what they to get,
 Run out their Souls in the Almighty's debt.
 And his profuseness spend on Wine, and Whores,
 What turn'd so many Widows out of Doors.
 His tears that at the funeral are shed;
 Are fumes of Wine that discompose his head,
 Wine, that was drank for joy the wretch is Dead.
 Thus in a small circumference, we see
 Sins Fatal pleasures brought to their Catastrophe.

Their certain Shortness rende'rs them but mean,
 And their incertainty still much more Vain.
 Our Opportunity doth swiftly fly,
 And oft e're that is gone, they glide away.
 Death often comes, and e're the play is seen,
 With his dark curtain shuts the Gilded Scene.
 Hurrys away the Actors, e're they had done
 The pleasing parts, they 'expected as their own.

And

And from Deaths hand there's no security,
 The Young, and Old, do undistinguisht Lye,
 The difference is, one May, to'ther Must dye.
 Some but just enter'd on the Stage of life,
 Ere they to Manly age and strength arrive,
 (Whose innocence, we are apt to think, might save
 From that cold bed, the too impartial Grave.)
 Unheeding fall, and falling there they Lye,
 Making a part in this dire Tragedy.
 Tis not Youths pleasant Gallantry, or Wit,
 Can save them sinking in the dreaded Pit.
 But in the midst of their most Luscious joys,
 Death flyly comes, and those, and them, destroys.
 Nor can the Manly force of riper age,
 Resist the pow'r of Death's impetuous rage.
 But they too must submit, they too must yeild,
 As Deaths sad Trophies, in his sable field.

All fall alike, no age, nor no degree,
Is safe from Deaths insulting Tyranny.

Where then are all our charming Pleasures gone,
When We our selves are lost and quite Undone?
The Sparkling Wines no more our Palats please,
Beauty, and Love, create no tenderneſs.
We unaffected with their Charms remain,
And never muſt enjoy their ſweets again.

But tho' Death ſhou'd not us of them deprive,
Miſfortunes may attend us while we live.
God oft ſee's good, in his wiſe providence,
Some ſevere ſtrokes on Sinners to diſpence.
To leave the Will, and take the pow'r away,
Yet ſcourage that Will, which ſeeks to diſobey.
There's one is not to Wealth and Honour born,
Another had them, but they're from him torn.
And here's a third, whoſe want and miſeries,
Flow from th' exceſs of ſome Expensive Vice.

Others are tortur'd by some sad Disease,
 Perhaps th' effect of their own Wickedness.
 How many various seeming accidents,
 Destroy our Joys, occasion discontents ?
 We find one Disappointment yeild more grief,
 Than's recompenc'd by all the Joys of life,
 And yet, how many do they meet withal,
 VVho follow Vice at her delusive call ?
 Besides, that grand Mistake of Happiness,
 What e're they find, this they are sure to Miss.
 How few are satished with their own store,
 And cease t' extend their pray'rs to Heav'n for more ?
 As few are with their State of Life content,
 They feign wou'd change, when chang'd, again repent.
 The Soldier murmurs at his toil and pains,
 And often wishes for the Merchants gains ;
 Whilst he regrets a loss he has sustain'd,
 And wishes, ere it went, he' had purchas'd Land.

The Country Squire is angry, his Estate
 Shou'd waste so soon, to make his Lawyer Fat.
 Whose busie head wishes retired ease.
 Thus nothing that's our own, our minds can please.
 Thus Sins Uncertain Short-liv'd pleasures waste,
 In the enjoyment, but the sting will last.

Religion yields a Solid, Lasting Bliss,
 A perfectly compleated Happiness.
 Calms all the 'wild disorders of the Soul,
 Our head-strong Passions Mildly doth controul.
 Informs the Mind, and give's it Light to see
 Its own lost State, and wretched Misery.
 Takes off the fair disguise from ugly Vice,
 Exposing to the Soul its Nakedness.
 Correct's the Will , and teaches it to move
 By earnest Wishes, and an ardent Love,
 To those blest object, which alone can claim
 The full expressions of its highest Flame.

And whate're Storms we meet with from without,
 All's still within, there's not an anxious doubt,
 No whispring fear, that shou'd disturb our ease,
 But all within's Serenity and Peace.
 Great Pilot Vertue, will our Vessel guide
 A steady Course, along the Rolling Tide,
 Between the fatal Rocks of black Despair,
 And Disfmal Sands of Doubt, will gently steer,
 Tho' Winds without a mighty Tempest raise,
 And Gloomy Clouds obscure the Darkned Skies ;
 Tho' Death do on the foaming Billows ride,
 That beat our harrafs't bark on e'ry side ;
 Tho' fatal Omens hover in the Air,
 And not a Spark of Heav'nly Light appear ;
 Yet we're secur'd, at last our Port to gain,
 Through all the Threatning Dangers of the Main.
 And though the Voyage troublesome appear,
 'Tis better vent'ring out than staying here.

Where all the profit that our labours gain,
Is Disappointment here, and future Pain.
The only Fruits the Barren Soil of Vice
Does e're produce, are certain Miseries.
But in the Storm, our Souls are sure to find
The blest Content of a Religious Mind.

That Vertue only makes us happy here,
Is prov'd by giving the Souls Character.
An Immaterial and Immortal Frame,
A Noble Spark of the Eternal Flame.
An uncompounded Effence, all Divine,
All Bright, and Fair, till it was stain'd by Sin.
And though its Primitive Beauty now is gone,
And all its Glories, faded, pale, and wan;
Tho' the Bright Image of our God's eras'd,
And all its Moral Holiness defac'd;
Yet 'tis preserv'd by the Almighty's hand,
And will for ever be by him sustain'd.

Judgment, the Souls bright Eye, receives, what e're
 The sev'ral Senses to the Mind confer,
 From those Ideas, various Reasons draws,
 Which, form'd to Propositions, are its Laws.
 These, by an unknown power, sway the Will,
 Intending Good, but oft mistaking Ill.
 (That is alas ! one sad effect of Sin,
 To cloud the Soul, and leave a night within ;
 Whence by the sad mistake of Objects, we
 Blind Homage pay to a false Deity.
 Hence our unbounded Vicious passions flow,
 Here our Misfortunes (their effects) we owe.)
 Our various Passions always are inclin'd,
 As diff'rent Objects press upon the Mind.
 To apprehended Good, the Will is Love,
 To Ill, it does our Violent Hatred move.
 As these are Past, or Present, or to Come,
 We in our Breasts give other Passions room.

(Or else, perhaps the Passion is the same,
 Only distinguish't by a diff'rent Name)
 They're Joy, or Grief, to present Good, or Ill,
 And if to come, then Hope, or Fear we stile.
 When mixt, Doubt does our Harraſs't Souls torment,
 And Jealouſie provokes to Diſcontent.
 Pleaſure from things agreeable does flow,
 We call it Happineſs when laſting too.
 'Tis but th' imperfect Shadow of a Blifs
 That fades, or cloy's, ſuch are the Fruits of Vice,
 Which under ſpecious Names the ſence amuſe ;
 But the deſign is only to abuſe.
 Baſe Avarice, Good-Huſbandry we ſtile,
 The Prodigal, a Gen'rous Soul doth fill.
 The Luſtful Satyr a kind Lover is ;
 The ugly Name of Whore's ſofter'd to Miſs ;
 The Brutish Drunkards, Bon Companions are ;
 The Scoffing Atheiſt, Witty Debonair.

Thus Vice by Skulking in the fair Disguise
 Of Vertue, does her greater worth confess.
 Vertue the Solid Beauty of the Mind!
 Whence we alone true satisfaction find.
 Vertue does Nobler Pleasures for us choose,
 Does greater thoughts into our Souls infuse.
 A God's propos'd the Object of our Love,
 To whom our strongest Passions ought to move;
 Whose Goodness equals his Omnipotence,
 Whose Attributes, and Essence, are immense.
 And who alone our craving Souls supplies,
 With the full streams of perfect Happiness;
 Ne'r ceasing Streams, whose endless Flux, shall vie
 With the duration of Eternity.

O what are all the Joys of Vice, that they
 Shou'd our weak Souls to Misery betray?
 When Vertue stands with all her brighter Charms,
 And Wooes us to be Happy in her Arms.

With

Without Disguise she does her self Display,
 All soft and Charming, Beautiful and Gay.
 No anxious Cares are lodg'd within her Breast,
 No Doubts or Fears disturb her Sacred rest,
 And all that love her are compleatly blest. }
 A Vertuous Mind flights all the Baits of Sense,
 Denies them their precarious influence,
 Repells the fond assaults of Baffled Vice,
 Doth both her Charms and Menaces Despise,
 Neither Deluded by her proffer'd Joy,
 Nor Frighted, though she threaten to Destroy.
 Not all the Racking Tortures, Men or Hell
 Cou'd e're invent, or make poor Wretches feel,
 Can once make Vertue be by him refus'd,
 Who once resolv'dly had her Cause espous'd.
 She has the Art in Torments to support,
 And make pale Death and griping Pain our Sport.

Can unseen Cordials to the mind present,
 When the excessive Torture makes her faint?
 How many have for their Religion Died?
 How many more are ready still to bleed?
 The first that ever trod the paths of Death,
 In Vertue's Service lost his Well-spent breath
 Since, e'ry Age, and Clime, Has been supplied
 With noble Souls, that for her sake have Died
 Not always single to destruction led,
 Thousands together by the Great have bled,
 Those, kill'd with ease, and kindly knock't o' th' head.
 (The Tender Mercies of this Impious World
 We feel, when *Gaily* into tother hurdle)
 Others have a severer Fortune found,
 Been first Abus'd, and Mock'd, and Scourg'd, and Bound,
 And then have all the various Torments tried,
 Which Rage cou'd find, by Cruel Wit supplied.

'Twould chill my Blood with Horrour, thou'd I tell
 By what strange Deaths the Primitive Christians fell :
 Or the Mad *D'Alva's* Hellish Cruelties,
 Or *Paris's* more fresh Barbarities,
Hibernia's yet more Perfect Wickedness,
 Or the Wild Fury of our *Maries* Days.
 And all this wretched Inhumanity,
 These horrid Scenes of Barbarous Cruelty,
 Were levell'd only against Piety.
 Their Consecrated Poisons reach the Throne,
 And their mean rage will pull a Cottage down.
 Their Brutish Malice is not to be staid,
 By all the softness of a tender Maid.
 Her Pray'rs, and Vows, and Tears, are all in Vain,
 Her Honour, and her Blood, the Altars stain.
 No Pity Infants softer Smiles can move,
 (All Passion's banish't that's ally'd to Love.)

They'r

They're raviſht from their Dying Mothers Breaſt,
 And headlong hurl'd into Eternal reſt.
 Old Age, by a Malicious Compliment,
 In mere Good will to tother World is ſent.
 All theſe (my Friend) theſe wretched Miſeries,
 Flow from the enmity of Cursed Vice,
 And yet Religious Votaries do chooſe;
 Themſelves in all theſe Dangers to expoſe,
 (Supported by aſſiſtances within)
 Before the Sham Delights of Tempting Sin.
 They know there is a near, approaching hour
 When God ſhall come to judge the World with Pow'r
 In flaming Wrath His Vengeance to repay,
 On all who did not his Juſt Laws obey.
 Then ſhall their Cauſe at his great Bar be heard,
 And to the World their Innocence be clear'd.
 And thoſe poor Wretches who condemn'd them here,
 Shall have a much more dreadful Sentence there.

Eternal Torments shall their Portion be,
 And never ending, Perfect, Misery.
 Whilst those blest Souls, shall mount to Happiness
 Beyond what Heart can think, or tongue express,
 Freed from their Pains and Grief, their Cares and Fears,
 Their Hearts no Sorrows know, their Eyes no Tears,
 But an Eternal Joy their Heads shall crown,
 Where no disturbing Thoughts, no Doubts are known.
 No hov'ring Clouds obscure the Immortal Bliss,
 No Sully'd Minute stains their Happiness.

But ah my Dazled Muse is rise too high,
 She Flaps, and flutters in the bordering Skie,
 And yet wou'd feign a little longer stay,
 To view the brightness of the Eternal Day
 She feign wou'd bring you some Descriptions down,
 And make those blest Abodes a little known,
 But all her Notions so confused are,
 She knows not to begin, or how, or where.

But pardon my Defects, and as I can, we know how we shall find
 I'll try to mete the Heavens with my Span.
 In those Eternal Fields of Sacred Light,
 Always Serene and Calm, all Fair and Bright,
 Water'd by Rivers of Immortal Bliss,
 On whose Fair Banks dwells Everlasting Peace,
 What ever Happiness a God can give,
 What ever Joy our Souls can Then receive,
 (Such Joys, as the Eternal Son of God,
 Cou'd purchase for us with his Sacred Blood)
 Shall all be ours. There we (my Friend) shall see
 The Glory of th' Almighty Majesty,
 Not by faint Glimpses as he Here is known
 But by a steady View of th' Holy One.
 Here what we learn we argue from below
 What from his Works and Holy Word we know,
 But there (my Dear) from what in God we see
 His Goodness, Wisdom, and his Purity.

What e're we knew of his great Works, while Here,
 In a far greater Lustre will appear.
 And those dark Methods, we cou'd scarce discern
 The Reason of, we there shall fully Learn;
 How Just ! how Righteous all his dealings are !
 That not his Wisdom, but our Reasons err.
 Our Glorified Redeemer we shall see,
 There crown'd with Honour, and with Majesty.
 He, that to save our Souls from endless Woe,
 So many Miseries did undergoe ;
 And in our Natures paid the Mighty Price,
 Which set us free, and bought Eternal Bliss ;
 Now seated on his Mediatorial Throne,
 From thence on us dispensing Blessings down ;
 Shall to his then most Perfect Body be
 United Head, to all Eternity.
 There you and I (my Friend) again shall meet,
 And with more perfect Love each other greet.

Both shall contribute to that happy Rest,
 And to the Joyful Number of the Blest.
 For there (my Dear) each Saint shall be a Friend,
 And all Perfections shall our Love attend.
 And by the Pow'r of Friendship in our heart,
 His Blessedness each shall to th' whole impart.
 And all the Num'rous Blessings of the whole,
 Shall be contracted in each single Soul.
 The Happy Angels who for us have done
 So much while Here, shall There by us be known ;
 Where we shall joyn, and help them Celebrate,
 Their Praises to the Infinitely Great.
 And all these boundless Joys possess shall be,
 Through the vast Circle of Eternity.
 Though Rolling Ages follow Ages on,
 And distant Years succeeding those are gone,
 Our Joys shall ever last, be fresh, and but begun.

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